

WELLESLEY'S NEW CHAPEL

A HANDSOME STRUCTURE NOW BEING BUILT, THE GIFT OF ELIZABETH AND CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON.

Near the close of the academic year 1895-'96 announcement came that Miss Elizabeth Houghton and Clement S. Houghton, of Boston, had given to Wellesley College \$100,000 for the erection of a chapel in memory of their father, William S. Houghton, a well-known benefactor and late trustee of this college.

As the present chapel accommodations have long been inadequate, this munificent gift was doubly welcome. A delay in selecting the site for the new place of worship was due to the vigorous protest made by faculty, alumnae and students alike at the choice of a noble piece of woods, lying near the lake, east of College Hall. In view of this protest the trustees reconsidered their decision, and announced, at the annual commencement last June, that the final choice had fallen upon the "oak knoll," lying to the left of Stone Hall, between the main avenue and Music Hall. Here, accordingly, ground was broken about midsummer, and the work was pushed so rapidly that the customary ceremonies in connection with laying the corner-stone were held on the morning of November 22.

In general the style of the new chapel, both exterior and interior, will be that of the old Gothic cathedrals, the building being in the form of a cross. The underpinning is of reddish Milford granite, and the walls will be of buff Amherst sandstone, similar to that used in the Farnsworth art building, on a neighboring elevation, while the copings and finish will be of terra cotta. A square lantern, or tower, enriched with Gothic tracery and incased in a sheathing of copper, will surmount the slate roof, and a beautiful wrought iron cross finial will be placed at the summit of this tower.

According to the architects' plan, the interior of the chapel will contain a nave, two transepts of equal width, and an apse of five sides. The apse will be raised two feet above the main floor, and will be furnished with a handsome sedillia, while above there will be three large traceried windows. The side windows of the transepts and nave will be of plain leaded glass, with cuspid heads above. A dressing-room is placed, on the plans, at the right and an organ-room at the left of the apse.

Entrance to the chapel will be made on three sides, the façades being alike, in beautiful carving and massive effect.

The main entrance will be that on the north, from the avenue, through a vestibule; this entrance will be somewhat more enriched than the others, and above it will be a large traceried window, fourteen feet in width. The vestibule will have a paneled ceiling embellished with carved ribs, the whole being of oak. Two stairways, also of oak, will lead from the vestibule to the gallery above, and richly carved casings of oak will surround all the doors. Throughout buff mottled brick, instead of plaster, will line the walls, which will be wainscoted to a height of six feet in quartered oak, with a heavily moulded top.

Roof and ceiling will be carried on large iron girders cased in quartered oak; and the moulded arches, springing from each intersection of transept with nave or apse, will rest on eight columns of iron incased with carved limestone. Massive pendants of carved oak will hang from each intersection of the girders. The rafters will be of yellow pine, oiled and left open to increase the effect of height and space; and a large skylight will be placed in the centre of the roof.

The admirable effect of the chapel interior thus given will be further enhanced by the rich furnishings of the apse and the design of the gallery opposite it. An elaborately carved rail of quartered oak, in the English perpendicular Gothic design, will be the chief feature of the gallery, carrying out to a prominent degree in the interior the Gothic style of the building.

Although the date of completion cannot yet be fixed, it is probable that the new building will be ready for occupancy before another autumn. Meanwhile, the old chapel, designed by Hammett Billings, artist and architect, as a part of College Hall—the first building put up on the grounds in 1875-'76—is still in use. This chapel hall, with its yet beautiful color scheme in reds and browns and its Clafin memorial windows, is warmly endeared to the Wellesley world, and especially to the alumnae, by its many associations; for here have taken place all the momentous events of the college life for the last twenty years.

Messrs. Heins & La Farge, of New-York, the architects of the new cathedral of St. John the Divine, in that city, are also the architects of the Houghton memorial chapel, whose simplicity of design and richness of material will combine to make it one of the noblest buildings on the Wellesley grounds, as well as one of the most imposing chapels possessed by any of the New-England colleges.

A LEGEND OF THE PEACH.

From The Denver Field and Farm.

The Japanese, who claim to have first discovered or utilized the peach, have a quaint legend as to the fruit. A pious old couple, stricken with years and poverty, subsisted by begging. One day on the highway the old woman found the beautiful ripe fruit. Although almost famished, she did not selfishly eat the luscious peach alone, but took it home to divide with her husband. As the knife cut into it the fruit opened and an infant sprang forth, who told the astonished beggars that he was the god Shin To, and had accidentally fallen from the orchard of the Japanese heaven while at play with some other gods and goddesses. For extricating him from the peach, Shin To gave the Japs its seed



HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

to plant, and told them its product would make them wealthy. This is the origin of the peach, according to the Japs and my Chicago friend, Blupperton, who told me this story.

FROG HUNTING.

HOW BIG FELLOWS ALONG THE KANKAKEE MARSH ARE CAPTURED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Along some parts of the great Kankakee Marsh of Indiana, along a part of the Fox River in Wisconsin and on several marshy lakes of the south peninsula of Michigan there are many men who make a regular business of hunting frogs for the markets. These do not customarily confine themselves to the small meadow frog, such as is most preferred by the angler for bait, but seek especially the giant bullfrogs, those with the muscular and extensive valves which are most usually seen on restaurant tables.

In the shooting of bullfrogs with the rifle there is a touch of sport, albeit of a humble sort; sport of such a higher character, one might say, than shooting woodchucks for their tails. The frog has no tail, but his hind legs constitute a legitimate and desirable trophy, moreover, an edible trophy, which quality cannot be attributed to all trophies of the chase.

Let us suppose that one has found somewhere back in a little-frequented country a bit of marsh or a pond where the bullfrogs have been living undisturbed for some years. Here he will find not a few, nor a few dozens, nor few scores, but actually hundreds of frogs, and when he first begins his operations he will find these frogs not especially wild. They will be sitting out on the bank a little way, or sunning themselves on top of some stout dockleaf near the edge of the water, or dotting some warm mud bank with their not strictly graceful forms. The heat of the summer has shrunk the water away from the hard bank, so that a wide rim of soft mud lies between the hunter and the water. He therefore wants to kill his frog as near inshore as possible, and so perhaps he selects one twenty yards away, one which is apparently fast asleep in the sun, half sunken in the ooze at the side of a water plant. With a careful aim at the big bunch on the frog's de-

voted head—for the bulging eyes of the frog are a fatal invitation—the hunter touches the trigger of the little rifle. At the faint crack the frog gives a convulsive spring and then straightens out at full length. The hunter who saw him half-submerged is surprised, almost startled, to see that his frog is about twice as big as he thought he was. The hind legs are longer than his hand. With a cut of the knife the hind legs are detached, the skin being left on them till camp is reached, for the skin keeps the legs clean meantime and can be removed at a jerk when the time comes to clean up.

EVOLUTION OF A CHEAP BOY.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Keep a hired man, Fritz? No? Well, don't," and the round merchant heaved a sigh that set his shirt front awry.

"Advice based on experience?"

"Indeedly, I'm going to open up a chapter of my life that would be as a loaded book, only for you. Please give it a mental mark of 'confidence.' We have an old man downstairs who runs the engine. He is as faithful as a dog, and I like the old chap. A couple of years ago I dropped in on him, just to put his back and let him know that I kept him in appreciative memory. He likes to consult me about his affairs, and told me he had a son Joe, a handy boy with tools, that would like to do something for himself. He was honest, was naturally industrious and would work for \$90 a year if given board. I talked the matter over with my wife and the expense seemed so insignificant that I concluded to take the boy, though I had always enjoyed putting around the place, driving a nail where it was needed, making little improvements and keeping the lawn well down.

"The boy was a jewel. From a selfish standpoint I wish he had been the laziest lout this side of an American Indian. He could do almost anything, and my wife thought it her duty to keep him busy. After he had laid new sidewalk, put up new fences and done a lot of promiscuous painting, we must have a barn so as to keep a horse, carriage and cow, for she wasn't going to pay that boy for doing nothing. Then we bought a pasture lot, furnished a room for Joe in the barn, got another rig and finally put the boy in livery. This meant more style all along the line. That cheap boy has cost me over \$12,000."



"THE HON." PATRICK DIVVER.

P. DIVVER REDIVIVUS.

THE RETURN TO PUBLIC LIFE OF A STATESMAN AND JURIST WHO HAS BEEN UNDER A CLOUD.

P. Divver is one of the many things that New-York has managed to worry along without for some little time which Tammany is going to give back to her again. Not that there has been any loud outcry for P. Divver. Indeed, the visible supply of P. Divver largely exceeds the demand. For all that, however, R. Croker is going to give P. Divver back to the public. It may be remembered that "Judge" Divver, while he dealt out justice in homeopathic doses to his fellow-citizens in the year of Our Lord the One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-fourth, fell somewhat more deeply than usual (but not much) into disrepute and public disesteem. Public disesteem means loss of vote-winning power, and loss of vote-winning power means Tammany condemnation. Consequently, the revelations of the Lexow Committee, coupled with a little subsequent indiscretion upon the part of P. Divver himself, resulted in the loss of that eminent statesman's leadership in the 11d Assembly District. Alderman Nicholas T. Brown and Frank O'Connor triumphed over him, and upon them his mantle fell. When the rulers of the city were in session at Lakewood recently, however, word went forth that the Awful One (R. C.) had decreed that for his past usefulness and his recent silence P. Divver should be again returned to power. His immediate recognition as the Tammany leader of the 11d Assembly District followed. The turn in the tide of affairs was celebrated by a meeting of the General Committee of Divver's district, held in Madison-st., in the clubhouse of the P. Divver Association, whose windows had been so long darkened by the absence of R. C.'s smile. It has been a long night and a gloomy one for P. Divver, and many have been the months wherein no man has sat upon the cold stone steps of the P. Divver Association, but the sun of prosperity has again arisen upon P. Divver, and the days approach wherein he will give "Nick" Brown the "frozen face."

The source of Paddy Divver's prosperity lay in that spring whence has sprung the greatness of so many Tammany leaders, his saloon. He owned several saloons at various times, but the principle of each was the same, and the rum was equally bad in all. The last and greatest of his ginmills was, and still is, in Park Row, near the point where New Chambers-st. comes into it. Divver's "Tammany primary" extended clear through from Park Row to New Chambers-st. It was the source not only of power and "influence" for "Paddy," but of crime and corruption for the city. The testimony brought out before the Lexow Committee developed the evidence that a gang of bunco-steerers made their headquarters at Divver's saloon. The tremendous election frauds discovered in the 11d Assembly District in 1893 were planned in his saloon, and the criminal proceedings in those cases showed the extent of his responsibility for them, and that they were committed by ruffians incited by him to the commission of their crimes. A favorite method of inspiring enthusiasm and devotion on the part of his heelers was the offering of a banner for the election district captain who rolled up the biggest majority for the Tammany candidates. This method was so successful that the Tammany vote in some districts exceeded the total registration. For the commission of these crimes several of Divver's tools are now sojourning within prison walls. But Divver was tricky enough to hide his own tracks and escape indictment. Things took such a turn, however, that the "Judge" thought it wise to take an extended trip to the West, to "visit his sick son." It is said that the members of the P. Divver Association were moved to tears by this exhibition of paternal affection.

At the time of his appointment as Police Justice, "Paddy" Divver's reputation was that of a keeper of one of the lowest barrooms on the East Side and the patron and protector of an organized gang of crooks and criminals. Yet that great and good newspaper, "The New-York Sun," approved his appointment. The legal decisions of the only "Paddy" are well known to history. While he sat upon the bench he called attention to his peculiar associations and predilections in many ways. Perhaps his most instructive public act was the fight he had with Morris Tekulsky, who succeeded him in the ownership of the Park Row saloon. Tekulsky wished to avoid trouble, but when the "Judge" forced it upon him Tekulsky painted the judicial eye, frescoed the judicial nose and put dents in the judicial teeth that kept "Paddy" confined to his mansion in Madison-st. for several consecutive days.

Now he emerges from his convent-like seclusion. Just what the Awful One has in mind for him it is impossible to conjecture. It seems improbable that he will again deal out "justice" to the citizens of New-York, but it seemed impossible, before his original appointment, that he ever would do so. Possibly he is destined for the office of Police Commissioner, in which place his intimate acquaintance with criminals of every race, age and condition would prove of great value—to the criminals.

AGED WET GOODS.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"Say," said the customer with the fine red nose, the white mustache and goatee, "this must be pretty old whiskey."

"My grandfather," said the saloon keeper, "bought that whiskey the same year the Kentucky colonel joke was invented."